

## Physiotherapy

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Summary: Regina is sitting in the waiting room, trying to read a women's magazine. With a sigh, she looks up at the clock again, the therapist is five minutes late. Her upper leg throbs like hell and she massages it a bit. She hears footsteps getting closer, and from around the corner, a beautiful blonde appears. {SQ / AU / one shot}

## Physiotherapy

**\*\*Physiotherapy \*\***

It's your average office environment. Soft music is playing in the background, blending in with the typical noises a busy receptionist makes as she closes cabinet drawers and shuffles papers around. The walls are covered with anatomy pictures that complement the color of the walls.

Regina is sitting in the waiting room, trying to read a women's magazine. She has long gotten tired of watching the rehab videos playing on a loop on the wall monitor. With a sigh, she looks up at the clock again, the therapist is five minutes late. Her upper leg throbs like hell and she massages it a bit. She doesn't know what happened, but it hurts. So here she is, at physiotherapy, seeing someone who is supposed to know about this kind of stuff, and hopefully help her.

She hears footsteps getting closer, and from around the corner, a beautiful blonde appears.

The physio glances at the chart in her hands, reading the basic health questionnaire from her next client. Based on the symptoms, she's wondering if it's a groin injury. "Miss Mills?" The woman asks with a smile at the only person in the waiting room.

"Yes," she answers, exhaling deeply. Standing up with her purse, Regina walks towards the blonde.

"Hi, I'm Emma Swan. I will be the one trying to help you." She smiles, holding out her hand.

Regina shakes Emma's hand carefully. "You're a bit late, are you not?" She says, raising one of her eyebrows.

"Yes," Emma clears her throat. "My apologies for that. I had a personal call to take." The blonde explains, letting go of her hand. "Right this way." She turns around, her blonde hair swaying over her shoulder. If it had been in slow motion, it would have been the perfect shot.

\_How feisty!\_ Emma mentally smirks. She's rarely ever been called out for being late by her other clients. She peeks over her shoulder for another glance at the slightly limping woman. \_She can scold me anytime she wants.\_

They walk to the last door at the end of the hallway, the faint echo of their steps fading. They enter the large office room and Emma closes the door. There is a black massage table and a plastic skeleton in the corner. The walls are boring but the ceiling is covered with posters and pictures.

The blonde walks over to her desk. Though orderly, it's filled with short stacks of files that surround a computer and some kind of electronic device.

"Alright, have a seat, Miss Mills," Emma says pointing to one of the two chairs in front of her desk, and takes a seat behind the computer.

Regina sits down in one of the brown leather chairs facing the blonde. "What can I help you with?" Emma asks, placing the Mills file to the side. Verbal explanations are always better.

"Well, I have these horrible cramps in my right upper leg," she tells her and automatically places her hands on top of her quad. "Sometimes it's a constant pain that does not go away. When that happens, I have no choice but to take a couple of ibuprofen."

"Okay," Emma nods and types away on her computer. "Any idea on how the pain could have started?"

"Not really," Regina mumbles, looking down at her hands. But oh yes, she has an idea. Her ex, Robin, really likes this one specific position in bed. And he would grab her leg too hard and always held it too tight, and she hated it. It's wasn't comfortable, at all. And even though now he has broken up with her, the pain has gotten worse.

Regina feels the woman's eyes on her. Apparently, the physio has detected her lie. But she's too embarrassed to say it was bad sex that led to her injury, though she's sure someone in Emma's profession has heard it all.

"Alright," Emma whispers, while typing some more on her keyboard. She's strangely disappointed by the answer. The brunette's behavior

means it's probably something embarrassing. \_Must be a boyfriend.\_ Then she turns fully to Regina. "What I am going to do now is examine your body." She says in all seriousness.

'\_God,' \_Regina thinks, \_ 'you're one of those people. If you want to touch me tell meâ€¦| so I can say no as usual'.\_

"I will palpate various areas to see if something else, other than a muscle is causing the pain in your thigh," the blonde explains.

Regina nods, putting her black designer handbag on the ground.

"I would like you to take off your blazer, your dress and shoes please." Emma says and walks toward the table. She starts moving and pressing levers, causing the table to shift.

Regina raises both eyebrows, \_'what the hell?' \_she thinks. \_Why do I have to take off my dress? It's my thigh, for God's sakes.\_ With a deep sigh, she takes the items off as she was told to. She walks towards the massage table still in her black lingerie with black stockings attached to them. She is thankful she had not put on one of her thongs that day. Or worse, gone commando.

"You may sit here please," the blonde instructs, pointing to the spot in the middle of the massage table.

Not saying anything, Regina sits down where Emma indicates. Either the blonde just doesn't care about her parading in her office in her underwear, or she just knows how to keep her poker face on. Regina doesn't know whether she should be offended or not by the lack of interest. \_I have a great body, Miss Swan,\_ she mentally growls.

Then two soft, but cold hands are placed on Regina's shoulder blades. And the brunette gasps softly. Slowly she relaxes under the gentle hands of the blonde massaging her back. A small moan leaves her mouth as Emma rubs her shoulders.

After Emma massages Regina's entire back, mumbling to herself the entire time, the woman is instructed to lie down. As Emma progresses to check on her hands and arms, the blonde tries to small-talk.

"So how did you find me?" She asks, standing by her head, trying to feel every muscle in the brunette's neck. Emma's oddly enjoying having her hands on the woman, a first in her career, for sure.

"A friend of mine had been here to see you," Regina exhales, keeping her eyes closed. The soft hands of the woman against her body did something relaxing to her. "Kate."

"Oh yeah," Emma whispers. "Mrs. Nolan." She nods to herself, remembering the woman with back issues. Turns out it came from being too long in one position. Emma knew this could only happen from sex, but she hadn't wanted to insult the other blonde woman like that.\_ 'Maybe it is something like that too with this beauty- wait what?'\_ Emma frowns at her own thoughts.

Regina could hear the blonde move around the table again. Gasping loudly, her eyes shoot open and she sits straight up, the blonde has

too tight a hold on her right upper leg, pressing down hard. Regina yelps in pain.

"Correct me if I'm wrong," Emma mummurs, still not letting go of the brunette's leg. "But this kind of pain could only have been caused by a strong person, holding your leg like this, for quite some time." Emma demonstrates though she cringes inside. The thought that she is the cause of Regina's current discomfort is truly bothering her. It almost brings tears to her eyes and she just wants to say sorry over and over again.

Regina groans in pain, lying back down on the table, her hands covering her eyes that are already squeezed shut. "Yes." She hisses, and the blonde lets go. A sigh of relief goes through her body. Then she feels the woman's hands on her leg again, but this time, it was a soothing and gentle touch, nothing like the moment before. Regina could sense that the woman is trying to feel which muscle is causing the issue.

"Want to tell me about that person?" Emma asks in almost a whisper. She isn't above calling the cops if an abusive situation is the reason.

"No," the brunette snaps. Opening her eyes, she could see the blonde frown, and she looks almost sad?

Regina sighs deeply, "Sorry." She says, pinching the bridge of her nose. "It's over, in the past now." She mumbles, dropping her arms next to her body, hitting Emma's arm in doing so. "Sorry"

"That's okay," Emma smiles softly, not looking at the brunette but focusing on her leg.

Then Emma lets go of her limb and Regina feels the loss of those soft hands right away. A deep sigh leaves her throat, opening her eyes she looks at the blonde.

Emma holds her hands out for the brunette to take. Smiling a little bit as Regina takes both, and she gently pulls her up. "Alright, you can get dressed." She whispers, almost unwilling to let go.

Regina now only notices how close they are, smiling she nods. The blonde walks over to her laptop again, and Regina starts getting dressed. She could see the blonde is looking, using the reflection of the chrome paneling on a machine to watch her.

\_Hmmm, so much for that poker face, Miss Swan.\_ She puts on a bit of a show as she lifts her dress over her head and sways to let it slowly slide down over her breasts, belly, hips and finally her thighs. Regina bends over, just so, and slips her shoes on. She decides it is way too hot to put her blazer on just yet.

Regina sits back in the chair again, laying her blazer over the arm rest. "Okay so." The blonde starts. "The problem is in your 'Adductor Longus muscle' and 'Gracilis muscle'." She says, turning the computer screen to show the woman a picture of the muscles that makes up the thigh.

Regina almost gasps out loud as she sees how high up the muscles are to her panty line. "My guess is the repeated and prolonged

positioning of your leg has caused a strain. You say it's no longer happening, and that's good. You're lucky it isn't actually a torn muscle."

Emma watches as Regina's face pales slightly. "I'll give you a list of rehab exercises you must do to strengthen your quad. If you workout two times a week in the gym for about six weeks, the pain should diminish and be almost entirely gone. I also suggest you look up an anti-inflammatory diet and follow that as well." Emma smiles, but Regina's own fell.

"So that's it?" The brunette asks. "I won't be coming here again then?"

"No, you can just go to a regular gym and do the prescribed leg training." Emma says. "But my assistant can always help you with the exercises the first couple of times until you feel comfortable. We have our own rehab room here. If you prefer that, we can make an appointment for once or twice a week and train here for about an hour each." Emma smiles at the brunette.

"Your assistant?"

"Yes, she's highly qualified. You don't have to worry."

Emma sees Regina frown, looking extremely unhappy. "Is something wrong, Miss Mills?"

"I'm sure your assistant is a professional, but I want you."

Regina sees Emma's eyes open wide at her declaration. She repeats her words in her head and realizes how it sounds.

She chuckles softly. "I meant, you've seen me half naked so I feel more comfortable with your hands on me."

If possible, the therapist's eyes open even wider.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry!"

Emma watches as Regina flushes prettily.

The refined woman wants to smack herself. Why is everything she saying suddenly coming out wrong!

Emma laughs internally and saves the woman from further embarrassment. "How about we agree that I'll be your physiotherapist for as long as you want until your injury heals."

"Alright, we'll do that then." Regina gratefully agrees. "Two times a week for six weeksâ€¦ maybe more. I can do that." The brunette says, now feeling more in control of herself and the situation. She stands up and puts her blazer on. Then she hunts for a business card in her purse.

"Okay, I can put you down for..." Emma's nose is back into the computer looking at her agenda. "Mondays and Thursdays or Wednesdays and Saturdays." She's now looking back at the older woman in front of her.

"Either is fine with me, which ever you want dear," Regina looks up with a smirk, only to look back at her purse a second later. "Miss Swan." Regina says, not looking up but still searching her handbag.

"Yeah?"

"If I may be so bold, you are a lesbian, are you not?" Regina asks, raising one eyebrow at the blonde.

"Yeah, I am," Emma nods, not moving a muscle on her face. \_Gaydar or was it Kate? \_She stands up and walks around her desk, intrigued at this new development.

"And if I may believe my friend Kate, you are not seeing anyone." Regina has not moved, and she is still looking at the blonde with an eyebrow raised.

"That's also true," Emma smiles at the brunette now. \_Kate, you're such a matchmaker.\_

"Then here," Regina takes a business card out her handbag and gives it to the woman with a smile. "Call me." She says and turns on her heels to leave the office. "Maybe dinner? This way you can personally show me what this so called anti-inflammatory diet is, Miss Swan." She calls over her shoulder, hand reaching for the knob.

"Oh, I will," Emma says loud enough to be heard over the clicking heels.

Regina opens the door and looks back at the blonde with a genuine smile. She sees the blonde bite her lower lip and wink before she could close the door behind her. Standing behind the closed door for a moment, she smiles, letting out a happy sigh, before walking away, leaving a smiling blonde in the office behind.

Regina can't wait to see what interesting positions the physio will put her, both in and out of the gym.

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><p><strong>AN:I hope you guys like this little one shot. I want to thank you awesome, sweet, kind beta 'Lordxena'. she's amazing, without her this story would suck . also, please review and tell me what you think. please send me prompts if you have one for me, I would really like to try writing your ideas. lots of love, me\*\*

End  
file.